

The Missionary Helper.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY, BY THE

FREE BAPTIST WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

VOL. XVIII. FEBRUARY, 1895.

NO. 2.

The Power of Prayer.—Swift upon the appeal for a universal prayer hour—an extension of the beautiful noontide devotion of the W. C. T. U.. to which many religious bodies have said hearty amen, and to which we hope our women will respond by bowed head and uplifted heart at noon—swift upon that came a letter, from the president of a Western Auxiliary, relating a suggestive experience. She was necessarily away from home all summer. The society was small, the members widely scattered ; but they agreed that, whether near or far, they would set apart a certain hour each week “for special prayer for our work.” “The result was wonderful, reaching far beyond our small Auxiliary, and that hour of prayer has been adopted as a permanent thing.” If such results are apparent from the prayers of the faithful few once in seven days, how great would be the significance of daily united prayer of world's workers for the world's redemption ! Successful missionary work is dependent upon every-day praying as well as every-day giving. Have you noticed how seldom pastors or people mention India work or workers in their prayers, except at a missionary meeting ? Here is room for that kind of home mission work that shall reach to heaven and across the seas. O for united, continuous, prevailing prayer to shape daily living to highest issues !

EDITORIAL NOTES.

A STATE Corresponding Secretary said recently that he noticed that wherever there is a Q. M. Woman's Missionary Society the entire Quarterly Meeting is more wide-awake. . . . Have you read our treasurer's convincing articles on "Tithing" in the *Star* and *Free Baptist*? There are often valuable helps for workers in the mission columns of those papers. . . . Missionary Stiles is cheerily going about, giving new impetus to mission work—getting subscribers for the HELPER, too, and heartily recommending such books as "Missionary Reminiscences," "the story of Paton," and "The Bishop's Conversion," all of which appear in our Missionary Reading Course. . . . The editor solicits letters from individuals who are reading this course, stating how it has been a personal inspiration and how it can best be used in Auxiliaries. . . . Some of the HELPER agents are doing energetic and systematic canvassing. Who will get the largest club? Miss Baker, principal of the Domestic Science Department of Storer College, writes, "I am working out a cooking class this year, and hope to graduate a class each spring after this. This year I have a class of boys who promise to do well, and I expect to be proud of them. They are young men who are boarding themselves. . . . The need of kindergarten work in missions grows more and more apparent. "In Japan it has been a great success, and missionaries in China are calling for trained kindergarten teachers." It looks as though the future will supply our own need in a most happy and gratifying manner in the person of Miss Beebe Phillips, daughter of Dr. J. L. Phillips, in whom the young people of Rhode Island are especially interested, and with whom we all hope to have a friendly relationship as the year advances. . . . Field Secretary Ford, of the General Conference, has been having a successful trip through the West. Wherever he goes we feel sure of his interest in every phase of our denominational work. . . . The HELPER editorial room fairly hums with ideas. Here the general treasurer and editor work, two state presidents come frequently, and letters constantly arrive from comrades of the Conference Board, fellow-workers of every state, and various young people's societies, to keep the inmates in touch with the manifold sides of the common work.

THE GREAT NEED.

BY LILLIAN ADELE TOURTILLOTTE.

[Written for recitation at Missionary Concerts.]

YOU have read the German legend of the woman, fair and sweet,
Who had much of all the splendor of the earth around her
feet;

Who, triumphant 'mid her jewels and her treasures rich and rare,
Lived a satisfied existence; till there came, all unaware,
First a shadow, then a whisper, that her wealth was incomplete,
That she lacked the best and greatest—but she knew of no defeat.
So she sought the wide world over; and her ships across the sea
Hurried forth to find the treasure, whatsoever it might be.

But the sea grew wild and angry—tempest-tossed and storm beset,
Helpless, hopeless, in the darkness, with her stores all ocean wet,
Drifted on the gallant vessel, till at last on alien shore
Famished, dying, came her sailors—and they knew the search was
o'er;

They had learned the best and greatest was the bread that should
renew
Life within the weary bodies of the hapless, starving crew.

Thus we dream that we are gifted; dream of happiness and rest,
Knowing not that we are lacking of the greatest and the best—
Christ the Bread of life to feed us, build us up in strength and
grace,

Fit us for our earthly sojourn and our long abiding place.
From the storm clouds and the tempest, weary, famishing, and
cold,

Drift we where the light is shining downward from the gates of
gold—

Angel voices call us upward, visions draw us to the cross,
Where the Bread of life is given to efface our shame and loss.

With new strength and added vigor forth to battle for the King,
Haste we then, our banners waving, while our anthems proudly
ring;

But our gift so sweet and precious, sweeter grows and dearer far
If we share it with a brother who has weakened in the war.

O the Bread that comes from heaven! You and I are blessed indeed

When the King of kings provides us with enough for every need!
Lift your heads, O doors eternal; be ye lifted up, ye gates,

Let him in, the King of glory, who with bread of healing waits.
And when once our hearts are blended with that Heart that beats
for all,

In green pastures of his presence we shall hear and heed the call—
Not alone amid our dear ones shall we break the bread he gives,
But with hand unsparing send it to each hungry soul that lives.
In the lands of pain and darkness there are precious ones to win,
Gems to rescue for our Captain, human souls to save from sin!
While the Bread that gives us vigor shall to them bring love and
light,

Bring to them a glorious morning, shutting out the awful night.

Haste, O haste, ye chosen vessels, lo! the night comes on apace!
Can ye work for Christ the Saviour, when the grasses hide your
face?

Have ye donned the Gospel armor, yet in idleness abide,
While humanity is calling, "Send us bread," on every side?
Heavenly Father, feed thy children with the grandest and the best,
Till with love and faith unfaltering and thy holy presence blest
They shall take the bread thou givest and across the billowy sea,
Send it forth to feed the dying—thine the glory still shall be.

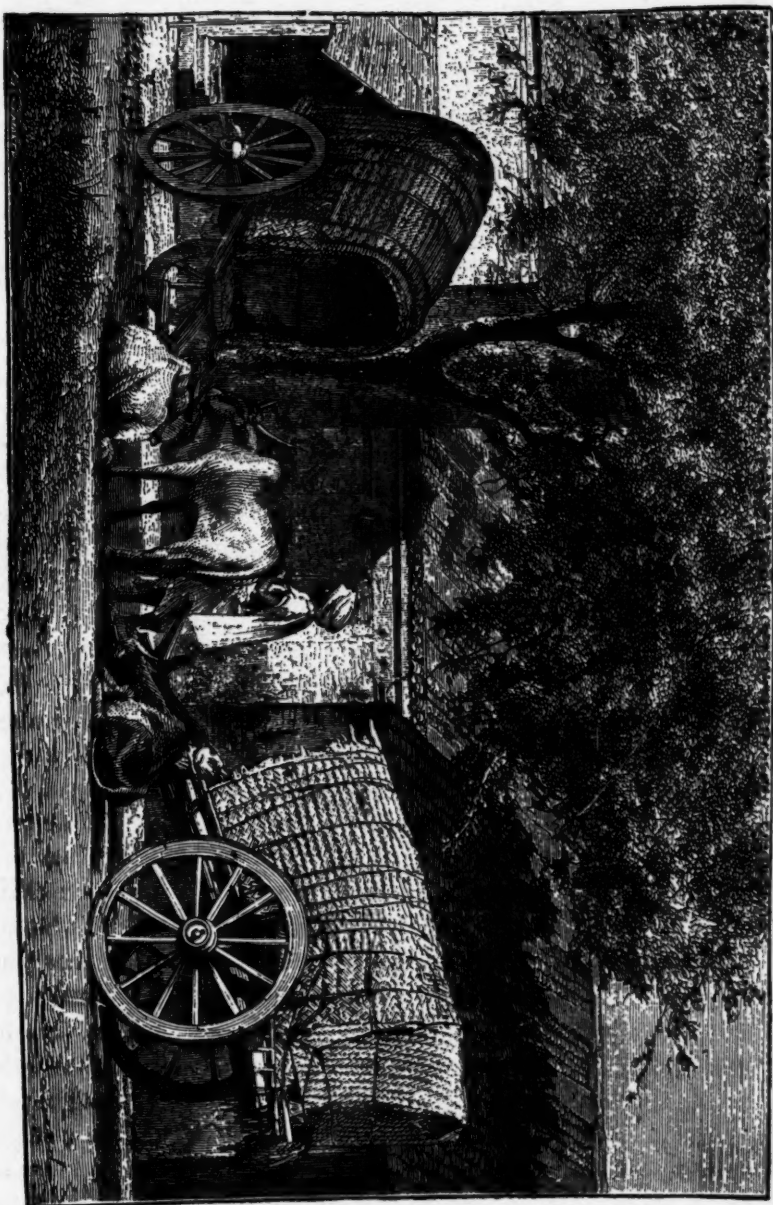
Fort Edward, N. Y.

A TRIP IN AN INDIA TRAVELING WAGON.

BY DR. NELLIE M. PHILLIPS.

THE English in India are direct descendants of the old Romans in the matter of road building, and all over that vast oriental empire are magnificent roadways, solid, level, so elevated as to give good drainage and to be high and dry within a few hours after the drenching tropical rains.

These roads make the use of western carriages possible, and, beside, those imported, large numbers are made in the country after western models. Yet there are times when none of these more elegant foreign vehicles answer the purpose so well as the rough two-wheeled native cart seen in the picture.



TRAVELLING WAGONS.

Back from the English roads, scattered among the rice fields, with no other means of access than a foot path, are scores of villages occupied by the Hindu farmers. One of the most delightful experiences of mission life is to spend a month or fortnight itinerating among these villages during the cold season—say in January, for by this time we are having our coldest weather, and, though the sun at noon day is always hot, the morning and evening air is crisp and invigorating.

The rice has been cut. The fields so long flooded are now dry, and one can travel with little danger from malaria, which is so threatening a month earlier. Will you take the trip? Let me tell you how to plan it. Hire three carts at an outside expense of twenty cents a day for each. This pays for cart and driver, feeds him and his oxen. In the first cart put your tent. Look to it that there are no missing pins or ropes. You'll find no corner store as a resort in case of emergency. Into the second pack bedding, a good supply, for the nights are chilly; provisions whatever in the way of variety health may require, for you can depend on village markets for little but rice, onions, spices, and a few coarse vegetables. Remember the medicine case, the box of Gospels and tracts, and, to attract and hold the crowds, a roll of large pictures and some kind of a musical instrument. A large jar of well water from home will postpone, for a time at least, the evil day of drinking from the village tank. Tie on behind the cart a camp table and a chair or two. The third cart is for yourself. The bed, a V-shaped bamboo ladder, with the spaces imperfectly filled, has the angle of the V reaching out between the oxen, and is an inclined plane till the yoke is lifted to the oxen's necks. Throw in some straw, spread out your mat, then follow pillows, stools, books, etc., and you take your choice of sitting or lying at full length. Hold on well, or you will slide out before the yoke is raised. Now make sure that each driver has his hoe, for you must make your own roads as you go; and you are ready at once to strike out across the stubble of the rice fields. At

intervals of a few rods are ridges, twelve to eighteen inches high, thrown across the fields to hold the water during the growing season. Many have already been cut, as the farmers drew their grain to the threshing-floor. Occasionally, however, your clumsy, stout hoes save you and your belongings a good jolt, as you cut for each wheel a groove just wide enough for it to pass.

How fast can you travel? Well, we have never called this *rapid* transit, but it's *sure*, for we can lose no roads where there are none, break no springs when the cart is without them, or be left in the lurch by runaway oxen that are easily satisfied with two miles an hour. Still, if the progress does not satisfy you, you can always improve upon it by walking, and you'll understand what a comfort this is if you've tried riding a half-hour.

But I said twas a delightful experience, and it is, after the long hot months of work in town, the wearing routine of daily station duties, which though imperative, seem often rather to minister to the temporal than the spiritual needs of the people. After all this the thought of cold-season work in the country is like summer vacation to the tired school teacher—the complete change of duties, the gipsy-like life in the open air, the long tramps over the fields, the ravenous appetites, the refreshing sleep, sound and sweet as a babe's; but, more than all these, the crowds of always curious and often earnest listeners, as in village after village we tell the story so sweetly familiar at home, so sweetly strange, so strangely sweet, in this land of sin and selfishness.

WANTED!

ON or before Feb. 1, 1895, a complete list of all the Yearly Meeting, Quarterly Meeting, and Association presidents and secretaries connected with the *Free Baptist Woman's Missionary Society*. Please send your *full address* on a postal card to "Mrs. Carrie C. Swan, 25 Wabon St., Roxbury, Boston, Mass.," for use of treasurer, secretaries, and finance committee.

TREASURER'S NOTES.

THE month of December, just closed, was the *driest* month the Woman's Missionary Society has experienced for a long time. Think of it—the month of Christmas! The month that commemorates the birth of the greatest missionary the world has ever known.

I confess, on Christmas day, while everybody was being remembered, myself included, I felt lonesome because the society was forgotten. I said this in the presence of a dear woman of limited means, and soon, to my surprise, she drew from her pocket twenty cents, as a Christmas gift to the Woman's Missionary Society. I believe the time is coming when Christmas will mean *wider* giving than it has meant in the past. I think your treasurer has had a genuine conversion to this idea.

With February closes another quarter, and it looks as though only *faith* and *works*, as last year, will conquer. For this reason I call special attention to the "Call for Prayer" in the January HELPER. I wish it might be observed very widely, whether there are Auxiliaries in our churches or not, and be made an opportunity for prayer for all our denominational benevolences.

We need a thorough canvass of our churches for memberships. I have an impression that we do not make the effort we might for *additions* every year. The new benevolence card will aid in this work very much.

Prayer and works will do for us what it did during the same quarter last year. We were about \$1500 behind the first of February, but by its close we were about \$250 in advance.

The benevolence card can be obtained by sending to Rev. A. Given, 457 Shawmut Ave., Boston, Mass. By the facsimile of the card which has appeared in the *Morning Star* you will see that it can be used for all our benevolences, so that, if there is no other way of soliciting for our denomina-

tional work, a self-appointed committee of ladies, with the sanction of the church, can do it.

As new members are added to our Auxiliaries please report the number, so that we can publish it in the HELPER, as a means of encouraging others to "do likewise."

The tender and earnest appeal of Miss Hooper is not meant to divert any one from our regularly pledged work, but rather to secure if possible an endowment fund for the Widows' Home. If anyone wishes to perpetuate his or her life in good work, here is an opportunity.

Quite recently one of our missionaries in the field directed that the treasurer should take \$10 quarterly from her salary, for the Woman's Society, giving her credit in the receipts yearly. This is not the only time our missionaries have rendered personal help financially. Many dollars have been put into Sinclair Orphanage by the woman who is at the head of it. Besides, when the work has required more funds than have been appropriated by the home board, the missionaries have contributed a good many dollars to make up the deficiency. We at home ought to know these facts concerning our beloved workers in the field.

It helps the work very much for presidents, or other Yearly Meeting and Association officers, to make occasional appeals for funds, as did the president of New Hampshire in the January HELPER. One lady in New Hampshire, knowing the need of increased effort, has pledged twenty dollars for this quarter. This may be an inspiration to others for New Hampshire to do still better work in the future.

The bequest of Mrs. Clark, which she made through the treasurer, for Sinclair Orphanage, has been paid. Sixty-six hundred dollars has been paid by the Cristy estate for a permanent fund. The first to report herself as a tither is a lady from Connecticut, who hopes to be able to send more by and by.

LAURA A. DEMERITTE.

Dover, N. H.

WHAT ARE WE DOING?

BY MARY B. WINGATE.

DEAR SISTERS :—

What of the evangelization of the world which Christ committed to our care in his parting words, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature"? It will avail us nothing in that approaching day that we knew little of the world's needs, that we were "not interested in missions." God's command has reached us; we could know if we would; and, if we knew, we should be touched in spite of ourselves. Brother Stiles was heard to say at the Maine Association, "I'd give all the world, if I had it, if I could be in India to-morrow night." Why is he so anxious to return to his work? What claim has India upon him stronger than upon us? Merely because *he* knows and feels the need. *We* cannot shirk *our* responsibility! Let us all read the mission columns in the *Star*, and let us push the *HELPER*. It is our child. Don't let us starve or neglect it. It *needs us*, and we surely need *it*. It will help us if we will only let it.

I wish all could have heard Miss Coombs (the returned missionary) as she pleaded for the widows of India. With tears often choking her utterance she tried to tell of their terrible need. They number about twenty-four millions, think of it! Many of them so young and so desolate they drift to sure ruin. I trust many of our sisters are already giving a tenth to the Lord to hasten the work of redemption. Let us also make a "freewill offering" to help those weary, heavy laden ones, remembering that "inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto Me."

East Corinth, Me.

It is a part of my religion to look well after the cheerfulness of life, and let the dismals shift for themselves, believing with good Sir Thomas More that it is wise to be "merrie in God."

—*Louisa M. Alcott.*



from the field.

AN APPEAL FOR HINDU WIDOWS.

[Letter from Miss Hooper.]

“MY God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus.”

My eyes have just lighted upon the above precious promise. Our Father has surely given it to strengthen our faith in presenting the claim of a great “need” in the mission field of India, a “Rescue Home” for the outcast widows. The necessity of some special work being done to save these Hindu sisters of ours from a life of degradation and sin has pressed on my heart the responsibility of stating a few facts in regard to the matter.

In 1884, while a patient in Medical College Hospital, Calcutta, my eyes were opened as they never had been before to realize what it meant to be an outcast Hindu widow. There was a bustle and confusion in the ward at midnight, students hurrying to the operating room. What did it all mean? Only a poor woman brought in by the police, her throat cut from ear to ear nearly. Never while memory lasts shall the sight of that poor Hindu sister be erased from my memory. She was young, perhaps twenty, with finely cut features and a complexion as fair as that of many in our own country. A mass of raven hair, so she must have been a widow from childhood, as the head is shaven when the husband dies. Beautiful, soft, dark eyes that looked at me so imploringly, and spoke more forcibly than any words, even though she could have spoken.

“How dreadful,” I remarked to the matron; “do you not feel shocked at such sights?” “O no,” was the reply; “one gets used to such things, they occur so frequently. She is only one of the many Hindu widows brought here under similar

circumstances. No one cares for them, they are only poor outcast prostitutes."

The next morning I saw the body of the lost woman carried to the dead house. What of the soul gone into eternity? Only the soul of a poor Hindu widow for whom no one cares. Why should any one care? The gods are angry with her, else her husband would not have died. The common word for harlot and widow throughout Bengal is *bedhoba*. She may have been only a child, and never have seen the one to whom she was betrothed, but she is a widow all the same, the drudge in the home ever after. Ever after, did I say? O no; let there be a scarcity of rice, and, although the widow is only allowed one meal a day and that of the coarsest of rice, she is turned from her home, sent adrift. Where does she go? A homeless outcast, bearing the anger of the gods and her relatives! She goes to the bazaar and registers her name as a prostitute. May the day hasten when the sin of legalized vice shall cease to stain the statute books of a country ruled by a nation called Christian.

The last two years I was in Balasore, because of the scarcity of rice, this was a common occurrence. Five and six at a time they passed our doors on the way to the bazaar. Either starvation or a life of sin! Often have I heard the bitter words fall from the lips of these poor suffering women, "Will I never die? When shall I die? Better to have been burned on the funeral pile with my husband than live a widow."

It is not only in this life the Hindu widow realizes her sad condition. She believes there is no home for her in heaven. At Remna one day, with my Bible women, we were talking and singing on the veranda of a house to a group outside. The hymn was about the home in heaven. Suddenly a pitiful cry from behind the door where I stood. Stepping inside I saw a woman weeping bitterly. "What is the trouble?" I asked. "Oh, I am only a poor widow; the heaven you are singing about is not for me!" Putting my arm around her I said, "Do

not weep, sister ; heaven is for you as much as for me. Jesus loves you and died to save you." Looking up smilingly and wiping away her tears she said to the Hindu women standing near, "She calls me sister." There were four widows in that house.

Are there not thank offerings from grateful hearts in Christian America to aid in building a home for at least a few of the 24,000,000 of India's outcast daughters? Three years ago a spot was selected for this purpose in the compound of the Sinclair Orphanage.

More than a year ago Mrs. Smith wrote the following to me, in reply to inquiries regarding the prospective home : "The widows' home seems a long way off. They gave me some encouragement while at home that some one might be found who would endow it. No one has done this, and, while the need is increasing, there seems no answer to our prayers. I am glad you still have it on your heart, and shall be glad of any funds you may send. You will be careful to tell all who have a mind to give for it that it will when done belong to and be controlled by the Woman's Board. I cannot tell you what the cost of the wall will be which is to encircle the home, but think five hundred dollars might do. I should venture to begin the work if I had enough in hand to burn the bricks. Three hundred dollars ought to do this. One week ago to-day a nice-looking widow came to me with a girl baby in her arms, begging me to give her a home. I told her I would gladly take the child, but alas, no place for the mother. Only a short time ago another woman came with a boy and a girl begging me to take them all in. I could provide for the children, but no home for the mother ! You know it is no use to take these women in if we have no place for them. The village does not afford room enough, and, when it does, they are never quite safe."

Is the situation plain to you, my sisters?

In Balasore there are two orphanages, one for boys and one

for girls. Were there a home for the widowed mothers, they need not be separated from their children. At the close of a meeting in Easton, Me., last August, a Friend minister, Elder Varney, handed to me a five-dollar gold piece. It was the first gift placed in my hand for the home, but it was to me the "earnest money" and the assurance of the building of the home. Since then the ladies of the Maritime Convention of the W. C. T. U. gave a collection of more than forty dollars, and paid my way to Houlton, Me., where Bro. Duston, pastor of the F. B. church, received me kindly, and solicited a collection amounting to \$45.82.

The treasurer to whom the funds have been intrusted here, Mrs. Dr. MacLeod, has forwarded to Miss DeMeritte, treasurer in United States, the sum of \$83. I trust the bricks are being got ready for the building. After about twelve years spent in the mission field in India, I know something of its many needs. While I trust and pray that not one cent of the Lord's money may be diverted from any other needy channel I still feel there is enough and to spare for all, if, as Bro. Stacy says, people were "regenerated to give."

A recent letter to the *Intelligencer* says, "On account of the recent flood, famine prevails at Chandbali, and probably at many other places along the coast."

What a volume of suffering in that one word *famine*, especially for the poor widows of Orissa.

"Do you not hear it? Do you not hear it?
Cry of the millions now drifting away?
Do you not hear it? Do you not hear it?
Cry of the perishing lost ones to-day?
Save us, we perish; we perish to-day!"

Yours in the work of rescuing the lost,

JESSIE B. HOOPER.

Frederickton, N. B.

THE charity that begins at home is usually so discouraged it never gets any farther.—*Puck*.

AMONG THE BOXES AND BARRELS AT HARPER'S FERRY.

AS cold weather threatens to settle down upon us we are again confronted with the necessity of attending to the distribution of the barrels and boxes of clothing that have been accumulating upon our hands in preparation for the needs of this season. We see in these provisions constant proofs of the earnestness and thoughtfulness of the workers in the North, and we are anxious to perform as well our part of the work and to vindicate the confidence reposed in us by placing each article where it will do the most good.

But with absolutely no person of leisure among us to whom the work may be intrusted, how are we to accomplish this? How in the moments snatched here and there from school work can we not only unpack and assort all these articles, but find out just what family is most in need of a pair of shoes, of a warm cloak, or of a child's winter dress? How shall we learn what girl to whom each dollar spent means one week less at school, by dint of skilful darning, is keeping respectable a school dress that must very soon give out entirely? Above all, how shall we furnish help, even where we know it is needed, without lessening the self-reliance—the manliness and womanliness—of those whom we wish to aid? And even if we can do all this, how shall we avoid jealousies and hard feelings on the part of those who, fancying themselves as needy and as deserving as any, are overlooked!

The plan that the workers themselves are convinced is the very best is one that it takes some moral courage to follow, as there is danger not only of its causing complaints on the part of a few who have been so often helped in the wrong way that they have lost that valuable quality of self-reliance, but also of its being misunderstood by those in the North who cannot comprehend the circumstances. It is the same method which Clara Barton found necessary in the relief of the sufferers from

the blizzard of August, '93, and which has been adopted in many city charities.

This fall, as often before, we have plucked up courage to follow that method we believe in, despite the obstacles. With a few exceptions which seem necessary and safe, we are putting a very small price upon the articles. Last night the Woman's League, an organization among our young women, gave a literary entertainment to raise money for our new church building. At the close of the literary exercises they sold a few refreshments, as well as aprons and some other articles made in the sewing room. Besides this there was a table of second-hand clothing. Every article was marked so low as to be within the reach of the needy. There were dress-basques marked from three to fifteen cents, warm wraps from five cents up, shoes partly worn from five to twenty-five, etc. The price, however small, is a very good security against having the articles fall into the hands of those who do not need them, for there is not much to tempt one who wishes to make a display.

Many of the articles were bought by just the persons we would have chosen to give them to, if we had been distributing them as wisely as we could, but how much better off that young man was to buy the coat he needed and pay the price, however small, than to have it given him! There was nothing degrading in that way of getting it.

We are planning to have a similar sale the Friday evening before Christmas, and we are going to make a special effort to have the notice so well distributed that all who are in need may come.

At present the money got in this way is added to the church building fund, through which, little as it is, it finds its way immediately back into the pockets whence it came by furnishing work to many who would otherwise have to be idle in this time when so many are without work.

MARY BRACKETT.

Storer College, Dec. 8, 1894.

GLEANINGS ABOUT INDIA.

INDIA has an area as large as that of the United States east of the Rocky Mountains. It is calculated that its population is about one-fifth of the whole human race. . . . It has thousands of towns and cities, with a population ranging from 5000 upward, that have never had a single missionary. . . . The aborigines practise a modified form of a primitive devil worship; about 187,000,000 are Hindus; nearly 3,500,000 are Buddhists; 50,000,000 are Mohammedans; about 100,000 Parsees are Zoroastrians; there are also Jews, Sikhs, and Jains, and some other smaller sects; 1,862,634 are Christians—of whom over 600,000 are natives—and 600,000 are Protestant Christians.—*Gist*.

Would that I could, my dear American sisters, give to you the wings of the morning and let you fly from Cape Comorin to Mount Everest, from sea to sea, until sunny India had thrilled you with its natural beauty and its human needs. Stop for a moment in the Paunjab, land of five rivers, including as its western boundary the famous Indus, its eastern the grand old Himalayas; on the north lies Jummoo, the capital of southern Cashmere, one of nature's loveliest gems, in a setting of eternal snows, soft meadows, and flowing streams, but one of the strongest holds of idolatry. In the beautiful valley eighteen Hindu temples, with their graceful spires pointing upward, mock the very God of heaven with their false gods which crowd every corner. As we rode on an elephant through the Rajah's grounds our guide said, "No woman ever recrosses the Rajah's threshold; zenana women are in for life." Beautiful Jummoo is only a type of many other cities and villages in this broad Paunjab, fragrant with roses and orange blossoms.—*Mary R. Phillips, in letter to Union Signal*.

The steady, irresistible diffusion of Christianity in the Roman empire in the early days is being, in some respects, repeated before our eyes in India to-day.—*The Missionary Review of the World*.

INDIA NOTES.

BY A WORKER.

THE annual India report has some very valuable matter, with a map of that part of British India where our field is located. Its area is 7000 square miles, and the population is 3,500,000.

Think of it! we have only 32 missionaries for the whole field. Besides these there are 90 other workers, including native preachers, zenana, ragged and industrial school teachers, and Bible women—a total of 122.

The zenana work, which was the inspiring cause of the organization of our Woman's Missionary Society, was introduced in 1866 by Mrs. J. L. and Miss Julia Phillips, and the society was organized in 1873. There are a girls' orphanage and a boys' orphanage at Balasore, and an orphanage at Bhimpore.

The number of churches is 11, with a church-membership of 818. There were added by baptism, last year, 51, and by letter 8. The total native community is 1522. There are 69 Sunday-schools, which includes some out-stations, 157 teachers, and 2714 pupils. The number of day schools is 80, and of pupils 3199.

Sometimes the impression is given that there are very few conversions in India, but we wonder if our churches in this country can show a greater proportional addition by baptism than does India; and India is so very conservative that acceptance of Christ by its people means much more than in many other countries.

By studying the table of figures in the January number of the *Missionary Review of the World* one can find some very interesting facts regarding our own and other fields. One is that our own field has made as many additions proportionally as have the fields of most of the other denominations. Another is the startlingly large number of pupils in the day schools as compared with other fields. We have 3199, including Christian, Hindu, and Mohammedan. This emphasizes the need of good educational advantages. In addition to our present system of education, to which has recently been added the English High School at Balasore, is the need of kindergarten work. Where can we hope to lay so strong a foundation of religious ideas as in the minds of the young?

Helps for Monthly Meetings.

MARCH.—INDIA.

CURRENT TOPIC (ten minutes) : "The new benevolent card ; why should we use it?"

Suggestive Program.

Scripture reading.

Prayer for the wide work.

Singing, "Who will send or go?"

General facts about India, briefly told by all : Area ; number of missionaries compared with population ; first missionary customs ; religions ; gods ; Hindu widows ; zenanas ; encouraging facts. Conversation.

Singing, "Behold the fields are white."

Facts about our own field : questions and answers arranged from "India Notes."

Readings selected from Miss Hooper's letter, and from Miss Barnes's letter in January HELPER, also from leaflets, if possible, showing *briefly* the different phases, difficulties, and encouragements of the work of our missionaries.

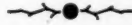
Prayer for special work.

Singing, "Hasten the joyful tidings."

NOTE.—Leaflets on "India Our Mission Field" (which must be corrected up to date by "India Notes"), "Plea for Santal Women," "Plea for Zenana Women," "Doctoring in the Jungles," and the songs mentioned, can be obtained, at slight cost, of Mrs. Clara E. Schwarz, 492 Pine St., Providence, R. I. The books in the Reading Course which throw light on India are "Missionary Reminiscences," "The Bishop's Conversion," and "William Carey." The Auxiliary that has access to Bishop Thoburn's "India and Malaysia" is especially fortunate.

Practical Christian Living.

*Practical Christian living should illuminate parlor and kitchen,
purify politics, open the pocket-book, and save the world.*



ANNIE HUNTER'S REWARD.

A HOME STORY OF TENTH-GIVING.

BY IDA LORD REMICK.

II.

AND Katie came. As she stepped from the carriage and came forward to meet Mrs. Hunter, with frank, outstretched hand and happy face, the little corner of prejudice in Annie Hunter's heart grew smaller.

"I am your third cousin," Kate began, pulling off her gloves and unpinning her hat, "in a terribly tangled up way, you know, but I hope you won't disown me. I'd like to own *you*," with a brave, bright look full into Annie's face.

"I don't feel disposed to dispute the claim," Annie returned, smiling; and she then and there felt as if she had known Kate a hundred years. Perhaps if they had begun on the weather it wouldn't have been so.

It is to Annie Hunter's credit that she said to herself that night, "A lesson for me. Don't be prejudiced. Give everybody a chance."

.....
"Oh, how good it is to be in the country again! I wish I could hug the whole earth!" Kate exclaimed, a day or two afterwards, coming in to dinner with her hair blown all about her face and a fine hilarious look about her. "Don't be stingy with my plate, John, please. I could almost eat a stick, and I'm as happy as I am hungry. You poor little dear," she turned to Annie, "you had to cook all these delicious things and stay in that hot old kitchen, and I having such a glorious time out-

doors. You just trot up stairs after dinner and I'll wash the dishes."

"The kitchen isn't at all hot to-day, and the 'taters' and beans and things cooked themselves like magic. All I had to do was to wave my little wand; so you shan't wash the dishes, my dear," returned Annie. "You couldn't race around in such a fashion if it were hot."

"Well, I don't care for anything, hot or cold! It's summer, and I'm in a world of grass and trees again, and it's heavenly. More string-beans, John; two big spoonfuls, please. I hope you consider them healthy, Dr. Hunter."

"Moderately so," Dr. Hunter laughed. "I can't answer for immoderate quantities."

"I'm having *such* a good time, Annie," Kate said, as they sat together in the sitting-room after dinner. They were in their dainty gowns and afternoon leisure. Annie was in the place she generally dropped into, the chair by the south window, with idle little hands, and Kate was doing some plain sewing, in a delightfully industrious way, over by another window. "You did your work this morning, Annie. I love to sew, and I'll do mine this afternoon; that'll balance things. I'm so glad to see the world again mornings that I can't settle down to anything forenoons. I do hope my missionary is enjoying herself as much as I am," she added, as if she were talking to herself.

"Who is your missionary, dear?" Annie asked idly.

"I believe I was thinking out loud," Kate replied. "It's the missionary whose vacation I am piecing out with some of my 'tenth' money."

"Do you give a tenth, Katie?" with more interest. Kate nodded. "I've heard it preached," Annie went on, with her eyes out in the garden, "and I've read stories about it, but I never thought I could spare the money; I never have half as much as I want for myself, any way! Tell me how you came to begin, and what you do, and who your missionary is, Katie? I'm tired. Make it into a nice story and tell me." Annie

settled herself cozily. "You're a comfortable creature to have around, dear, I believe I've known you a hundred thousand years! To tell the whole truth," she wandered on, "I've had my compunctions in that 'tenth' matter."

"I began it when I was little," Katie answered, sewing steadily; "mother taught me. Sometimes it was five cents out of fifty, or one out of ten, but I left it off after a while, forgot it. After mother died, and I went to New York to teach, the first year my salary was so small I could hardly pay my way, and when the summer vacation came I couldn't go into the country. I couldn't pay my board where I was unless I worked, so I went into a dressmaker's rooms and sewed all summer. O Annie, what a dreary summer that was! How I wanted to be in the country! And how I hated the brick walls and sidewalks and the horrid clatter! I never realized before what it must be *never* to be able to get out of the city, and I made up my mind that when my ship came in and I went into the country I'd take somebody else with me. That idea really started me, and it was right then, Annie, when my finances were at a low ebb," Kate laughed, with the happy heart that one has when a hard time is safely over, "it was right then that I begun my tenth giving again."

NATIONAL COUNCIL OF WOMEN.

To women working in lines of missionary effort the first two days of the triennial of the National Council of Women at Washington, D. C., will be of great interest.

On the evening of the 18th of February the time will be divided between the Woman's Foreign Missionary Union of Friends and the National Free Baptist Woman's Missionary Society. This latter organization is one of the very oldest of women's societies, having been organized in 1843. It will be represented upon this occasion by two of its ablest workers and speakers, Mrs. Frances Stewart Mosher, upon "The Ethical Adjustment of Woman's Home and Sociological Duties," and Mrs. Emeline Burlingame Cheney, upon "Practical Christian Living."—*Rachel Foster Avery, in Union Signal.*

Words from Home Workers.

MICHIGAN.—The annual meeting of the W. M. S. of the *Hillsdale Q. M.* met with the East Rome Missionary Society Sept. 5 and 6. After devotional exercises the president, Mrs. A. E. Balcom, gave an account of the origin of the Woman's Missionary Society. The needs of the home and foreign fields were very forcibly told. Excellent papers were read and discussed, questions asked concerning our missionaries, and much useful information given. The last evening Mrs. E. A. Copp of Hillsdale gave a short talk on "The Religions of India." The annual election of officers takes place at this meeting.

Our hearts were gladdened by the presence of the pastor of the church, Rev. Mr. Lougher, and we were helped by the words of encouragement spoken by him and his wife. Sister Lizzie Moody gave a short talk on her work. The October session of the Q. M. was held with the Wheatland church. The Saturday evening program consisted of papers and recitations, followed by a paper from Mrs. Reed of Hillsdale, "Go ye into all the world." One gray-haired gentleman said at the close of the meeting, "I never thought mission work meant anything to me before, but I shall go home and do something to help." So we believe the Lord is leading on into this work the old as well as the young, and we hope and pray the coming year may be the best one of all.

MRS. C. CONSALUS, Sec.

The W. M. S. of the *Sanilac Q. M.* convened with the Q. M. at Amadore, Mich., Nov. 10. It was voted that the W. M. S. should have the hour between 9.30 and 10.30 P. M. on Saturday, during each Q. M. session, for the transaction of business. A short business session was held Saturday morning. Saturday evening the regular meeting of the W. M. S. was opened with singing by the choir, scripture reading by the president, Mrs.

E. Pattan, and prayer by Rev. Mr. Rosenberger. After the singing of another hymn, the minutes of the last meeting were read by Mrs. H. Baker, in the absence of the secretary. Mrs. Luby Hutchinson gave a report of the work in the Fremont church. A verbal report was given of the Newbury Auxiliary. Mrs. H. Baker read an interesting report from the Watertown Auxiliary. The president gave a report of the State Association at Elsie. Sister Clark, pastor of the Amadore church, made the closing remarks, and a collection of \$3.03 was taken. The meeting closed with singing by the choir and benediction by Rev. E. Sutphen.

E. P. KINGSTON.

The *Fairfield, Mich.*, Sunday school held a harvest offering service on Sabbath morning, Nov. 25. We used the program published in the *Free Baptist* of Oct. 16, prepared by Mrs. J. M. West. The service was greatly enjoyed by all. A collection of \$12 was taken, besides an offering of \$5 by the author of the exercise. We would urge all Sunday-schools or Mission Bands to avail themselves of this helpful exercise.

MRS. GROVER A. JACKSON.

OHIO. *Green Camp*.—Auxiliary of F. B. church. We have been organized five years or more with not a death in our band, and are united workers for home and foreign missions. We meet once a month at the homes of our members. We are building a fine new church of hollow stone tile, and our society is aiding in the work, which thus far has been very successful. We hope to do more for India, for we sympathize and pray for Sister Nellie Phillips, who represents the Ohio Free Baptists. We enjoy reading the HELPER and find it pure and elevating to woman. God bless its readers, and especially prepare its officers for the work that is required at their hands.

MRS. M. L. MORSE, *Agent HELPER*.

IOWA. *Orchard*.—We have a live Auxiliary here, meeting once in two weeks. I think there is a fast growing interest in all our Auxiliaries. Many once indifferent now are interested. The HELPER is a grand little magazine, and no society in the

denomination can afford to be without it. It gives us information that we get from no other source. May God bless you abundantly in your work for the Master. M. J. PECK.

WISCONSIN.—As there is no general superintendent of Sunday-school mission work in Wisconsin, it is hoped that pastor's wives, or others interested to do something along this line in the local church, will send to Mrs. J. M. West, Fairfield, Mich., for information and leaflets. M. D. M.

Correction.—In the Western treasurer's "Receipts," page 413 December HELPER, the amount of each contribution is placed one line too high. The first line should read, "Balance on hand \$45.10."

MAINE.—The W. M. S. of the Aroostook Q. M. met in connection with the Q. M. at Blaine F. B. church. The president, Mrs. Ruth Jones, presided. After prayer and singing, by the kindness of Rev. Mr. Kneeland the president read extracts from letters written by Mr. Wyman, one of our missionaries in India. Mrs. Sprague gave an interesting address on mission work. This was followed by stirring remarks by Rev. J. E. Gosline. Collection \$17.28. After conference, Saturday, delegates from Auxiliaries held a business meeting and elected officers. MRS. FLORA THURLOUGH, Sec.

Fort Fairfield.

The W. M. S. of the *Prospect and Unity Q. M.* met with the December session at Brooks. Our meeting was a success. Amount of collection \$9. Miss Olive E. Coffin was elected treasurer in consequence of the death of our beloved sister, Mrs. Eliza Coffin. MRS. L. B. HIGGINS, Q. M. Sec.

The wide-awake HELPER agent of the Maine Western District writes: "I am trying to enlarge the circulation in my district, and hope to succeed. Am acting as agent in the York Q. M.; also local agent. Have several new names among home women. I want reports from all local agents often. Heard from all but one last week. Work progressing." Good! who next?

IN MEMORIAM.

GOD tenderly presses his soothing hand upon the aching brow and weary eyes of his beloved, and "they sleep well." His touch lulled to slumber our dear sister, Mrs. L. G. Clark, Wentworth, N. H. She was a missionary agent in western Maine, laboring faithfully for years, and was a lover and helper of children, The idea of the Normal Mission leaflets originated with her.

In December, 1893, Augusta Dodge of Burnham passed through the gate of suffering into the painless land beyond. Through months of physical weakness her thoughts and plans were all for others, especially for the Woman's Missionary Society, and we render our tribute of sincere love to her memory to-day.

Sept. 12, Mrs. Nellie P. Phinney, South Windham, went from our midst. For nine years she was a tireless worker and faithful president of the Cumberland Quarterly Meeting Women's Missionary Society. Devoted, zealous, and helpful in the least as well as the largest duties, her place will long remain unfilled.

Mrs. Fannie Herrick of Charleston left us a little time since. Her gifts were varied and she helped to make the missionary gatherings delightful. Her sweet songs heard with so much pleasure here are now swelling the song of the redeemed beyond.

Mrs. Elisa Saunders of Orland and Mrs. Blaisdell of Dedham, were faithful charter members of their societies. They were always active and intelligent workers, and constant subscribers to the HELPER.—*Outline of resolutions passed by the Maine State W. M. S. at annual meeting in September.*

Death has suddenly taken from our midst our valued co-laborer, Sister Eliza Coffin Thorndike, treasurer of our society, whose cheerful vivacity, earnest spirit, and active sincere piety, has endeared her to us all and made her loss deeply felt; therefore we *resolve* to bear in mind that the most effective tribute to her memory will be to carry on the work she has left, knowing that while we labor she is rejoicing with the redeemed in heaven.—*Outline of resolutions passed by the W. M. S. at December session of Prospect and Unity (Me.) Q. M.*

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"Books should to one of these four ends conduce,
For wisdom, piety, delight, or use."

Gist, a Handbook of Missionary Information. Pre-eminently for use in young women's circles. Compiled and edited by Lilly Ryder Gracey. New York, Hunt, and Eaton. 203 pp. Price 60 cents.

This valuable compilation would enrich any Auxiliary or Mission Band. It is "much in little," containing telling quotations on "Missions" in general, "Women and Missions," and "Giving," with especial reference to fourteen mission fields, followed by responsive exercises and interesting readings for missionary meetings. Miss Gracey—daughter of Dr. J. T. Gracey, president of the International Missionary Union—is eminently qualified to prepare such a handbook.

The World Beautiful. By Lilian Whiting. Boston, Robert Brothers. 194 pp. Price, \$1.

Readers of Practical Christian Living have already been attracted to this series of essays grouped under the titles, "The World Beautiful," "Friendship," "Our Social Salvation," "Lotus-Eating," and "That Which Is To Come." The quotation in the January HELPER indicated the spirit of the book, which must tend to give fresh inspiration to the discouraged, rest to the overburdened, and wider vision to all; with a deepening sense of the need of more practical and sunny Christian living, and more faith in its possibility. Dedicated to the memory of Phillips Brooks, "the friend and aider of all who would live in the Spirit," this little volume strikes the keynote of its contents in the opening sentences: "After all, it rests with ourselves as to whether we shall live in a World Beautiful. It depends little on external scenery, little on those circumstances outside our personal control. Like the kingdom of heaven, it is not a locality, but a condition. It is a spiritual state, and depends on our degree of receptivity to the influence of the Holy Spirit."

A WORD OF THANKS.

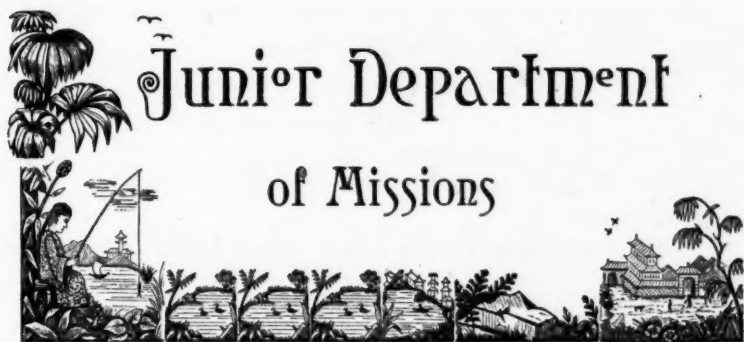
WE wish to express our thanks, through the pages of the HELPER, to those friends who have furnished towels, tablecloths, and napkins for the Domestic Science Department at Storer College this winter. We now have, owing to their kindness, all we need for the present.

As far as possible we have expressed our gratitude by letter. If any one has not received an acknowledgment of the articles she has sent, it is because we have not known to whom we should write. Would it not be well in sending a box or barrel to inclose a little note saying what friend or society sends it? And then we shall know whom we should thank for the kindness.

M. JENNIE BAKER.

A MUCH-LIVING life, a life of manifold experiences, is like a robe which bursts forth of itself to jewels. They are not sewn on from the outside. They burn out of its substance as the stars burn out of the heart of the night. And God shines with new revelation upon every one. And the man who feels himself going out of a dying year with these jewels of experience which have burned forth from his life during its months, and knowing that God in the new year will shine upon them and reveal himself by them, may well go full of expectation, saying, "The Lord is at hand."—*Phillips Brooks*.

THE greatest men that ever lived are those in whom you cannot separate the mental and the moral lives. . . . If any one calls them intellectual it startles you, but, as you think about your wonder, you discover that it does not come from an absence of the intellectual life in those who are thus spoken of, but from the fact that the intellectual part of them is so blended and lost in the symmetrical unity of their life that you have never been led to think of it by itself. All this is very frequently true concerning women, whose unity of life is often more apparent than is that of man.—*Phillips Brooks*.



Junior Department of Missions

DEAR JUNIORS :—

This department of missions, in its attractive new dress, is your very own. We hope you will love it and help make it just as delightful as possible. Every time we read it we want to learn something more about the children in other lands and how we can help them, as well as to get better acquainted with one another. Whenever you work for your missionary, Emilie Barnes, for children in Sinclair Orphanage, our schools in India or Harper's Ferry, please report it. Also tell us about your mission meetings and how you like the suggestive programs. Would you like a motto for this page?

Who will suggest one?

The secretaries of the Children's Department of the W. M. S., Mrs. Frances Stewart Mosher for the West, and Mrs. Annie Ellis Dexter for New England, are interested in your societies and will gladly help you all they can, while Emilie Barnes loves every one of the "children" who are making her work in India possible. Your true friend, THE "HELPER" EDITOR.

WE must lend an attentive ear, for God's voice is soft and still, and is only heard of those who hear nothing else. Ah, how rare is it to find a soul still enough to hear God speak!—*Fenelon*.

SUGGESTIVE PROGRAM FOR JUNIOR MISSION MEETINGS.

PREPARED BY MRS. A. E. DEXTER.

INDIA.

1. Singing.
2. Prayer service (sentence prayers by the Juniors).
3. Scripture reading.
4. Roll call (answered by a fact about India or by a verse of Scripture).
5. Singing.
6. A "Trip to India." (Different members point the way on the map, describe the voyage, locate Balasore, tell why we are especially interested in that station, what Sinclair Orphanage is for, why we are so much interested in Emilie Barnes and what she is doing. Who can tell some of the peculiar customs she described in the January HELPER?)
7. Collection. Let the collectors stand with pennies in their hands while all repeat these verses :

Jesus sat beside the treasury,
Saw the pennies as they came,
Knew the hearts that loved to bring them
For the sake of his dear name.

Jesus, bless the ones we bring thee,
Give them something sweet to do,
May they help some one to love thee,
Jesus, may *we* love thee too.—*Pansy*.

8. Singing, "Hark !"

HARK !

(TUNE—"What a friend we have in Jesus.")

DO you hear them calling, calling?
Listen, children, that you may.
Do you hear the baby voices
From the land so far away?

CHO.—Do you hear the loving Saviour?
Listen, children, work and pray.

If you wait some baby voices
Will have died so far away.

Little arms to mother clinging,
Little lips of ruby hue,
Little hearts that wait for Jesus—
Who will send him? Why not you?

Do you know the Saviour loves them
As he did in days of old;
Yearns to fold them in his bosom
When they've heard the story told?

Do you hear your Jesus pleading
"Suffer them to come to me!
Bring, O bring my precious jewels,
Gather them from land and sea!"
—*Emma Osborn Cleaver, in Over Sea and Land.*

TOPSY.

SUDEAN, a little girl who was very full of fun, with bright, dark eyes that laughed, lived away over in India. They had a terrible famine there. The mother died, and then the father, and no one was left to take care of the little girl. She had stopped laughing, and could only cry, "I am so hungry, so hungry!"

The missionaries found her and took her home to their pleasant orphanage, where she had plenty of food and pleasant playmates, and kind friends to love her. But she played so many pranks that they named her "Topsy"; and sometimes Topsy made a great deal of trouble for her playmates and her loving friends, for she wanted to have fun whether it was fun to them or not.

But one day she heard the missionary say that Jesus had died for her sins. She listened very closely, and soon she gave her heart to Jesus. After that she felt she must tell others the same sweet story. So she used to go with the Bible woman

into the homes of the women of India and help teach the verses.

One day she saw a strange woman sitting by the roadside on a tiger skin. Her hair was all matted together, as if she had not combed it for years. Her face and arms were rubbed with sacred ashes, and she had a necklace of nuts that were also thought to be sacred. She was dressed in yellow, for that was the way those holy women dressed, and this woman was thought to be so holy that she was worshiped as a goddess, and people used to take the dust off her feet and put it to their foreheads, thinking it very sacred.

What do you think Topsy did? She sat down beside this woman and asked her if she had ever heard of Jesus, and she told her all she could, and then invited her to go and hear the missionary talk.

Of course nobody thought this woman, who was called a goddess by the people of India and honored by thousands of natives, would accept the invitation of this child. But she did, and you see God helped the little child as much as the grown woman. The missionary talked with the woman and found she was very learned. She could speak in four languages, but she listened to the story of Jesus like a little child, and gave her heart to him.

Then she felt just as Topsy did—she must go and tell the story to others, and she said: "I must go back to every city where I have told the wrong story, and tell the right one." Thousands had come to see her when she was baptized and gave up all her worldly honors, and now she started forth, just like a humble water carrier of India, to tell all of Jesus.

Did not our little Topsy help? Is it not worth while to earn, save, and send our pennies to give the Gospel to the little friends over there, and to pray for them?—*Dayspring*.

It is not by attending to our friends in our way, but in theirs, that we can really avail them.—*Margaret Fuller*.



MISSIONARY MOTHER GOOSE.

MISTRESS MARY.

MISTRESS MARY, sweet as a dairy,
How does your mission band grow?
"Oh! with money and with meetings,
And with pictures, maps, and greetings,
And little maids all in a row."

Teddy, Teddy, ready and steady,
How does *your* mission band grow?
"Oh! with earnestness and fun,
And some work for every one,
And merry boys all in a row."

Lizzie, Lizzie, always busy,
How do your meetings grow?
"Oh! with topics and a leader,
And the love with which we heed her,
And foreigners all in a row."

Benny, Benny, as bright as any,
How do *your* meetings grow?
"Oh! with tales of lands and nations,
And accounts of distant stations,
And missionaries all in a row."

Daisy, Daisy, never lazy,
How does your money grow?
"Oh! with saving and with sewing,
And with weeding and with hoeing,
And mite-boxes all in a row."

Peter, Peter, who is neater?
 How does *your* money grow?
 "Oh! with many a dime or quarter,
 Saved from buns or soda-water,
 And pennies earned all in a row."

Harry, Harry, do not tarry,
 Say, how *should* all missions bands grow?
 "With unselfish, patient living,
 And a glad and generous giving,
 And loving hearts all in a row!"

—M. B. Banks, in *Over Sea and Land*.

PUBLISHER'S NOTES.

HAVE you been thinking you would secure a list of new subscribers for our magazine? *Now* is the time to do so. We have a full supply of January issues, and can furnish all subscribers with the January number.

A serial story, sketches of some of our well known workers and other articles, make it desirable that subscriptions begin with the year. Send in the new names as early as possible, but better late than not to come at all.

Our mailing list is made up the 25th of each month for the next month's issue, and subscriptions received later than the 25th cannot be credited on the mailing tag until the next month, but new names may be added to our list at any time.

One agent, in sending from a small church ten renewals and eleven new names, says, "Our membership is scattered over a large territory, and I have gone from one end of it to the other." More such earnestness and zeal would place the *HELPER* in hundreds of new homes and largely increase its usefulness.

Business would be greatly facilitated if women would acquire the habit of always signing their name *in the same way*, using the full name or initials of either their husbands or their own name, yet being careful to *always* have it the same. In giving an address always give the name of the post-office to which the magazine is to be sent, and in ordering a change of address name of the old as well as the new post-office.

ELLA H. ANDREWS.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

MISS S. A. PERKINS, at one time recording secretary of the Woman's Missionary Society, more recently the beloved editor of *Our Dayspring*, and always the ardent friend of young people, has the "god-speed" of HELPER readers in her days of much needed rest. Many words of comfort and cheer have come to us all in the past by way of her ready pen. May they return in multiplied blessedness to the heart of the writer during the waiting silences which will bring renewed vigor. The Juniors will always welcome a word from their long-time friend in their department of missions, and the HELPER bespeaks her interest in its other departments when her pen is again ready to respond to inspiration and invitation.

Contributions.

F. B. WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

Receipts for December, 1894.

MAINE.

Biddeford Busy Gleaners	\$3.00
Dover, Mrs. Robbins Christmas gift20
Green church col. for F. M. . . .	5.75
do Miss. aux. Miss Coombs's salary	4.00
Guilford, Lydia P. Cobb	1.50
Harrison aux., Minnie sal. '94 . .	12.00
Ocean Park, Mrs. M. A. Fiske annual fee	1.00
Portland 1st F. B. ch. aux. for Miss Baker and bal. L. M. of Mrs. R. A. Lewis	10.00
Palermo, Mrs. J. Pinkham annual dues	1.00
Wells Branch aux.	13.00
(In Nov. Exeter Asso. aux. made Mrs. V. D. Sweetland L. M. of State W. M. Soc. Ellsworth O. M. aux. paid \$5 toward L. M.	

of Mrs. Ella M. Smith for State society.)

NEW HAMPSHIRE

Center Sandwich Y. P. Miss. Soc. for Bible teacher at Balasore . .	\$24.00
Dover aux., Wash. St. Miss C. Matthews \$2, col. at Miss. meeting \$3.16, Miss L. A. DeMeritte Christmas gift \$5 . . .	10.16
New Hampton aux. for Miss Butts	5.00
Plymouth, Mrs. M. L. C. Wright for H. and F. M.	5.00
Pittsfield Y. P's Miss. Soc. for school in India	12.00
Wentworth, estate of Mrs. Sarah Clark willed to L. A. DeMeritte for special work in Sinclair Orphanage, which she gives to Miss Scott's salary	100.00
Walnut Grove aux. for Miss Butts and Ind. work	4.00

MASSACHUSETTS.

Haverhill, class No. 5 F. B. S. S.	
\$2.50. and Prim. dept. \$1.75 for	
Miss Barnes	\$4.25

CONNECTICUT.

Durham, Mrs. H. A. Griffin for	
Gen. Fund	2.00

NEW YORK.

Poland Miss. Band for Miss	
Barnes	3.00
do aux. for F.M.	10.00

ILLINOIS.

Herbert aux. for Miss Barnes . .	5.00
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IOWA.

Estherville aux. for Mrs. Miner .	2.16
LeGrand, Mrs. A. Bratt for F. M.	.50
Spencer aux. for Mrs. Miner . .	10.00

WISCONSIN.

Lafayette Q. M. W. M. Soc. for	
Miss Barnes	1.50

MINNESOTA.

Huntley aux. for F. M.	\$1.59
do S. S. for do	1.88
do C. E. for do63
Hennepin Q. M. col. for F. M. .	3.50
Minneapolis King's Workers for	
Storer College	1.00
Nashville Center South Branch	
Miss. Band for Miss Barnes .	4.20
do do for Storer College . .	4.25
Sauk Rapids Miss J. E. Hicks	
for Gen. Fund	1.00
Winnebago aux. for F. M. \$10,	
Storer College \$5	15.00

NEBRASKA.

Frith, Mrs. J. J. Murphy for	
Tesadia in Sinclair Orphanage .	1.75
Nemaha River Q. M. for F. M. .	2.80
Weeping Waters, Mrs. Rev. E.	
Root for F. M.	1.00

Total \$288.62

LAURA A. DEMERITTE, *Treas.*

Dover, N. H.

CORRECTION.—The Waubeek, Iowa, credit to Miss A. Houston should have been for Miss Barnes.

ORGANS Especially designed and constructed for the needs of all MISSIONARY WORK.

LA PETITE: A "Four-Octave Beauty." Our latest production. Already winning the highest praise in the most critical circles. Especially valuable for small chapels, Sunday-school rooms, kindergartens, nurseries, school rooms, etc. Our price brings this beautiful organ within reach of all.

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